

MARIA BARBERI'S CRUCIAL HOUR.

To-day She Will Play Her Part on the Witness Stand in a Fight for Life.

Cross-Examination Expected to Be Long and Severe to Show That She Was Responsible.

Yesterday Her Family Exposed Scars and Told of the Family Failings and Diseases.

ALL BOTHERED WITH EPILEPSY.

Some Humorous Sparring of Counsel When the Defence Sought to Show What Kinds of Dreams the Barberis Had.

Maria Barberi will be upon the witness stand to-day to prove that when she cut her worthless lover's throat she was not responsible for her act.

Her statement has been that she does not remember anything about the throat-cutting, so she will not describe that, but will tell of headaches and heartaches, the story of her trust in Domenico Cataldo, his taunts and refusal to marry her, which brought on the paroxysm in course of which she killed him.

Just where her memory will fall will be the point over which the wits of the lawyers will be displayed for and against her. She has testified before, and though Assistant District-Attorney McIntyre says he will be as considerate as possible in his cross-examination, the girl will necessarily have a hard time of it.

Maria Barberi is a very stupid young woman. If, as the prosecution purposes to show, she is no scatter-brained epileptic descendant of drunken ancestors, but a fierce-tempered, revengeful murderess, she will have a hard time when, with her limited intelligence, she comes to a struggle with the keen prosecutor. His endeavor will be to make her admit that her crime was conscious and to make her forget the answers framed to indicate her lack of responsibility.

Probably she will faint. She did before. Though dense as an animal, Maria Barberi is no stoic. The scene will be painful when the lawyer tries to turn her testimony against her in this fight for her life.

All the Family on the Stand.

Yesterday they had her father and brothers and sisters on the stand to add to the stock of information about the drunkenness and insane depravity of the Barberis of past generations. Their accounts agreed with that given by the mother the day before. The old mother was there, crouching in a corner, a tiny bundle of dark humanity. She kept her head, red eyes directed toward Maria. Beside her crouched her other daughters—Antonia, a woman with a few more years than Maria, and Carmela, a twelve-year-old child, with a fairly intelligent face. She is the only one of the whole being that seems like a clean, normal human being. Her testimony was plain and directly told. It was a relief to hear from the lips of a member of such a family something besides an account of the drunken excesses of the Barberis.

Maria spent the day as she spent the day before, with her hand in that of her friend, the Tombs Angel, and her eyes looking straight before her, while member after member of her family came up and told of epileptic fits and showed the scars under the dark hair of injuries received when they fell.

Their stories agree, almost too well. They have the symptoms that are dependent upon to save Maria down as fine as any text book on the subject.

Sister Antonia was the first witness of the day.

Looks Like Her Sister.

Antonia, the married sister of Maria Barberi, is a paler copy of the defendant. Her hair is lighter and there is less of the Italian dusk in her complexion, her face is fatter, and her nose is broader, but the general impression conveyed by the two faces is the same.

The redning influence of the penitentiary matron and the Tombs Angel have made Maria's hair smooth and glossy, and her skin soft and clear; her dress is neatness and quietness itself, while Antonia's garb is poor.

Antonia told the same story of drunken grandparents, uncles and aunts, and then she was told to tell of her own epileptic fits, from which, she says, she still suffers when the weather is bad. She suffered from "twinkles," she explained, and when Judge Gillespie looked doubtful about this answer she blinked at him to illustrate this symptom.

"I am sometimes unable to walk," she said, "because of an affection in my right leg."

Are you a light or a heavy sleeper, and are you troubled by dreams?" was the next question of Mr. Hynes.

"Hasn't this gone far enough?" protested Mr. McIntyre. "Is a well-known fact in medical science that epileptics have different kinds of diseases. Here they put on a witness with all the symptoms, and now they ask her if she is a light or a heavy sleeper."

Judge Gillespie ignored the disgust in Mr. McIntyre's tone and the witness was allowed to tell of her disturbed slumbers. Then they wanted to know all about her dreams. McIntyre protested some more.

Difference in Dreams.

"If," cried lawyer House, "a girl dreams she is about to be torn by a lion, for instance, that is one thing, and of no use to us; but if she dreams constantly of falling from a height, it makes all the difference in the world, and we want it in evidence."

"Send us to any place on Sixth avenue," shouted McIntyre, "and get a dream book. Every negro in the city who plays policy has one, and every dream that we ever heard of is in it. Each dream has a separate name."

Then, turning to the Justice, Mr. McIntyre said:

"Will you concede, Your Honor, that this witness dreamed every night and that in every dream she fell from a precipice or a great height, also that every member of her family dreamed in the same way?"

"Dreaming of falling from a height is an epileptic symptom, according to the text books. So Antonia's dreams were declared," McIntyre went on to the jury. "One came to her when she was carrying a baby brother, and she dropped him and fell herself."

"Then, turning to tell about a blinding dash coming to her while she was on a roof, and when she came to they told her she had tried to throw herself off the roof."

"She raised her big, shabby hat and showed the scar on her head—all the Barberis have these scars."

"Then she told of Maria's attempts at suicide and her proximity over the nose."

Why is it that people use Salvation Oil? Answer: Because it is the best liniment.—Adv.



Minnie Hasselbach, Who Was Found Killed.

Her sister, of No. 339 East Eighty-fifth street, this city, went to Trenton yesterday and identified the body. The police now think she did not kill herself, but was murdered, and her body placed where it was found.

trifling quarrels. Antonia's own children, she said, were sickly and always crying. Two weeks after Cataldo was killed she asked her sister why she had done it. "I don't know, I don't remember anything about it," was Maria's answer.

Mr. McIntyre started the cross-examination with some stereotyped questions about where she had lived, etc., but the witness pleaded a poor memory. "Why is it you can remember nothing I ask you about," said Mr. McIntyre, "while you remembered everything asked by Mr. House?"

"I don't remember the names of the streets or the numbers; I was not asked about them."

"Did anybody say to you that when you came to be cross-examined you must say 'I don't remember'?"

"No, sir."

"Are any of your children idiots?" suddenly demanded Mr. McIntyre.

"They act like any other children. I do not know, except they cry a great deal."

"They are too small yet to tell."

The defence objected to these questions, and Mr. McIntyre broke out with:

"Every authority on epilepsy declares that after two generations of epileptics the third generation must necessarily be insane."

"What's your authority?" demanded Mr. House.

"Every authority in New York City," said the defence, and Mr. McIntyre demanded that the children be produced.

"Will you bring the eldest child here to-morrow?"

"Yes, if it does not cry."

"Never mind; will you bring it here to-morrow?"

"Yes, if its father gives his consent."

She was told to bring the child, and that closed the examination.

Next the Brother, Giuseppe.

Giuseppe, Maria's older brother, the first of the Barberis that have appeared in court except the child Carmela, whose face was that of a civilized human being, was the next witness.

He is twenty-eight years old, short-bearded, with dark hair, his eyes are heavy and sleep and his face is far from bright, but there is about it some glimmering of intelligence. It is not unkindly, like the faces of the other Barberis.

He told glibly the story, now old, of the drunkenness and unmanly of his ancestors, of his own fits, the ringing in his ears, the headaches, and he too showed scars on his head.

It was close in the court room, and Mrs. Foster, the stenographer, came and went and had to go outside. Maria Barberi sat the session out with the help of a bottle of smelling salts.

Giuseppe told of his own drunkenness in Italy, and then came down to his conversation with his sister in Sing Sing, after her conviction on the first trial.

"Did she tell you then that Cataldo had ruined her?" asked McIntyre.

"No."

"What did she say?"

"She said she had a pain in her head."

"And you, her brother, never heard from her that Cataldo had ruined her?"

"No."

"And you never inquired?"

"I asked her," said the witness, "why she had done this dreadful thing, and she said she didn't know."

"I want an answer—yes or no," interrupted Mr. McIntyre.

"My learned brother stops that answer, because he knows it is damaging to him," said House.

"It could not damage me," retorted McIntyre. "I am here as prosecutor and have nothing personal in this except my duty. I would protect your client as much as you would."

"Sounds very pretty," sneered House.

What the Conversation Was.

It finally came out that the conversation between the brother and sister was this:

"Oh, my sister, what have you done?"

"Oh, my brother, I don't remember anything at all."

In the afternoon the courtroom was more crowded than ever. One side was filled with handsomely dressed women, most of them young, who never took their eyes from the prisoner. She never looked at them.

The little sister, Carmela, was the witness on the stand. She spoke in English, and her testimony was confined to her own epileptic experiences, but was notably intelligent and clear.

"Do you ever have any dreams at night?" asked House.

"No, sir," said the little witness.

"You honor, this is the offspring of the

ONLY HALF THE MYSTERY GONE.

Girl Found Shot at Trenton Was Minnie Hasselbach, but Was It Murder?

Her Family at No. 235 East Eighty-fifth Street Scout the Idea of Suicide.

Police Think She Was Killed Elsewhere and the Body Brought to the Place Where It Was Found.

DIAMOND EARRINGS ARE MISSING.

She Had Been in Disgrace at Home, and Left New York After a Quarrel with One Harry Gay—Odd Facts About the Case.

The body of the dead girl found on Revere avenue, Trenton, N. J., Sunday morning, was identified yesterday as that of Minnie Hasselbach, of No. 235 East Eighty-fifth street, this city.

The identification and the facts surrounding the finding of the body have caused the police authorities to admit that the case is one of murder, rather than suicide, and they are now working on that theory.

The body was identified by the sister of Miss Hasselbach, who, recognizing the description and portrait published in the Journal, went to Trenton. Previous to her coming the dead girl had been identified as Annie Ford, of Newark, by a man named Ford, of that city. The very first "identification," however, came from South Amboy on Sunday by telegraph, and it was that the girl was Nellie O'Brien. The last, however, seems absolute.

At 11 o'clock yesterday Coroner Weston received a telegram from New York, which said the dead girl was Minnie Hasselbach, and that the body was found at Trenton.

Recognized the Clothing.

The girl's sister reached Trenton at 4 o'clock, and, after a glance at the clothing, said:

"They are my sister's clothes."

Coroner Weston asked her to view the remains. At first she refused, fearing that the features were horribly mutilated. When assured that such was not the case she consented. She gave a glance and would have fallen had not the Coroner supported her.

At the sight of the face the sister burst into tears and became almost hysterical. When sufficiently calmed to talk she told the Coroner that for some time the dead girl had been keeping company with a young man named Harry Gay, of No. 100 East Eighty-third street, and that a few days ago she was forced to confess her troubles to her mother.

Until a few months ago, the sister said, Minnie had been a great help to the little family, consisting of herself, sister and widowed mother, and was a good girl, against whom no one had ever whispered a word. But the mother and she had quarrels, after the enforced confidence, and Friday night the girl was away until late. Saturday morning she left home, saying that she did not know where she was going.

No Threats of Suicide.

She did not threaten to kill herself, and when she had gone it was found that she had taken \$5 from her mother's purse. Saturday night she did not return, and at about 8 o'clock young Gay called, asking for her. He said he was looking for her.

She knew more of her daughter's whereabouts than she did, shut the door in his face. When, after two days' absence, she returned, she found the door open and that something had happened. Yesterday a neighbor, who knew the story of her leaving home, brought her to the Coroner's office and showed her the picture of the dead girl and her description.

The sister could scarcely believe that Minnie had been so cruel as to take her own life, and asked the Coroner if there was a pair of earrings with small diamonds in them in the girl's ears. When told that they were missing, she said she had found a pair of earrings in the body she said:

"My sister had a small pair of earrings with small diamonds in them. They were small, but good, and they are not at the house. She generally wore them when she went out, and must have had them with her."

When asked if the revolver belonged to her sister she said:

"We never owned a revolver and I never saw one. I saw a revolver in the house, but I do not know where it is."

Miss Hasselbach said she was not certain enough to accuse Gay of the girl's downfall.

Thought It a Murder.

Before the identification, the police said they felt convinced that the girl had been murdered, and they were looking for the spot where she was found Sunday morning.

The body was found under a tree in a grassy field, about a mile from the house. The girl was lying on her back, with her arms outstretched, and her head resting on the ground. The body was found by a man who was walking through the field at the time.

The clothing was not disarranged to any great extent. The body was lying on its left side with the legs cramped up. The dress in front was smoothed out as though it had been fixed after death. The revolver was lying by her side, and the first finger of the right hand was through the trigger guard, but the other fingers of the hand were not touching the trigger.

The girl was holding a handkerchief in her left hand, and the handkerchief was in her hand at the same time, and this fact, which has been withheld, has made the police feel all along that it was murder.

The ball, a .32-caliber, entered back of the right eye and came out of the top of the skull, about two inches further back than the point of entry. He was the last witness of the day. He told first of the drunkard, his father, then he told of the drunkard, his brothers, the epileptics, his sisters, and lastly of his own reformation from a drunkard.

"When I had money I got drunk," said the father, "I quit drinking when I was thirty years of age, because I found it didn't agree with me."

The examination was long. The father seemed a fairly shrewd man and remembered favorably. They took him through drinking bouts in Italy, and had him describe the follies of his progenitors, and they asked him about Cataldo and what his sister had told of him. He was the last witness of the day. He told first of the drunkard, his father, then he told of the drunkard, his brothers, the epileptics, his sisters, and lastly of his own reformation from a drunkard.

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father states Fowler was his daughter's husband, and she was at home, having been forced to leave Fowler. Mr. Fowler is not known in South Amboy, and the police are wondering how Mr. Fowler came to leave the role and the decayed tooth.

At the home of the Hasselbachs last night, the girl's mother, Mrs. Hasselbach, was reproached by her mother Friday, went out on Saturday with a friend to a dentist. When she returned, she found her daughter away. Gay called and the young brother of the girl followed her to the dentist's and told her of his visit. She sent word for Gay to meet her, and half an hour later was seen in conversation with him on Third avenue.

Quite a scene followed the interview, which ended by Gay leaving her on the street crying. At 9 o'clock, when Gay called at her house he said that she was to meet him at that time at her home. When he left Gay on the street it was in the forenoon. Her family does not believe she committed suicide.

THREE WOMEN PULL HAIR.

Pique Causes a Fistic Fight in a Parochial Residence in Brooklyn.

There was a genuine rough-and-tumble fistic encounter and hair-pulling match a few nights ago between three women in the parochial residence of the Rev. Father Dooley, pastor of St. Thomas's Catholic Church, on Flatbush avenue, near King's Highway. Police were called in, but no arrests were made at the time.

The sequel to the fracas developed yesterday when Miss Kate Ryan, twenty-one years old, and living at No. 187 Lafayette avenue, and her sister, Miss Lizzy Ryan, nineteen years old, of No. 940 Degraw street, were arrested on warrants issued by Justice Rogers, of the Flatbush Police Court, for an alleged assault upon Miss Della Tooman, who is a housekeeper in the parochial residence, which adjoins the church. The young women were protesting and were nicely dressed. They entered a plea of not guilty.

The cause of the trouble is declared to have been a fair given at St. Thomas's Church a short time ago for the benefit of the poor of the parish. One of the prizes, a diamond ring, was won by one of the Misses Ryan. Miss Tooman had also taken a chance on the prize, and, according to reports, felt piqued at not getting it. The Misses Ryan and Miss Tooman had therefore been excellent friends.

The night in question, the Misses Ryan called on Miss Tooman, in the dining room of the home of the Rev. Father Dooley. There were women at once, and Miss Tooman ordered the Misses Ryan out of the house, remarking that she did not wish to have anything to do with them. The young women declined to go, and Miss Tooman, it is asserted, attempted to eject them. Then followed a fierce fight, during which the table and chairs were overturned, clothing torn, and the floor strewn with feminine locks of hair.

Roundsman Lyman and Policeman Fallon were called in to put the young women on, but got there too late to see any blows struck. They simply ordered the Misses Ryan to leave the house, and the disheveled faces, swollen eyes, disarranged clothing and vows of vengeance, the two sisters left.

BRAZIL'S ROADS TO BE LEASED.

Government Ownership of Railways Has Proved a Failure There.

Washington, Nov. 24.—An instructive object lesson in Government control of railways has been developed by the debate in the Brazilian Congress growing out of the bill to lease the Brazilian Central Railway to a foreign syndicate. The road was built some years ago by the Government at an expense of \$150,000,000, and earned for a time an income of \$30,000,000 annually. It is now a complete failure, and the Government is now seeking to lease it to a foreign syndicate.

Recently employment on the road has been given as a reward for political activity. In many cases the salaries were largely disproportionate to the character of the services performed, while in nearly every case except where experts were employed, the salaries were largely disproportionate to the character of the services performed. The debate in the Congress further shows that the road is now steadily losing money at the rate of \$2,000,000 a year.

It appears that a syndicate has been formed in London which will pay the Brazilian Government \$80,000,000 for a ninety-year lease of the road, the latter, with all the equipment, being to be returned to the end of that period. The bill has already passed the lower house and is now in the Senate. It is believed that it will be passed by the Senate and will be also favorably acted upon.

It is believed that all the other roads in Brazil will also be leased to private parties.

"RAINSFORD'S SALOON" PAYS.

"Tom" Moore Denies That He Will Break Faith with St. George's Rector.

"Tom" Moore, the new proprietor of "Doctor Rainsford's saloon," at Sixteenth street and Third avenue, denies that he has any intention of starting a Rainsford law hotel and thus violating the agreement that exists, secured by a bond for \$1,000 between Moore and Tucker and the clergyman.

Three years ago the saloon was started by Moore and Tucker. When they applied for a license Dr. Rainsford objected because the building is within 200 feet of the Mission House of St. George's Episcopal Church, but with Mr. Tucker, who was then the proprietor, Moore and Tucker agreed, under bond, to close the saloon at midnight, to keep it closed on Sundays, to refuse to sell liquor to women and minors, and to refrain from starting a hotel in the building.

"Six months ago," said Mr. Moore yesterday, "I had a disagreement with Mr. Tucker. He had a disagreement with me. We agreed to close out the business. Yesterday the place was sold at auction and I bought it. I intend to conduct the business in the same